

REWRITE: 10/9/79

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Rehearsal Script

BBC-1 - Colour

Project No: 02349/2801

Insert No: 02359/9051

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5M

"SHADA" (W/T)

EPISODE ONE

Send.
1/4
1/5
3 P20 - K9 voice.
end of intro 03.13
end of I 24.48
end of 2/start of 3 42.35
end of 3/start of 4 59.53
end of 4/start of 5 1.17.37

Clash lines

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Director	PENNANT ROBERTS
Designer	VIC MEREDITH
Script Editor	DOUGLAS ADAMS
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Costume Designer	RUPERT JARVIS
Make-up Artist	KIM BURNS

FILMING: 15th - 19th October, 1979

CUTSIDE REHEARSAL: T.B.C.

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING: 3rd, 4th, 5th } November
19th & 20th }
1st, 2nd, 3rd } December

TRANSMISSION: Saturday, 19th January, 1980

"DOCTOR WHO" - EPISODE ONE: 'SHADA'

CAST:

DOCTOR	+ FILM
ROMANA	+ FILM
SKAGRA	+ FILM
CHRIS PARSONS	+ FILM
PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS	
COLLEGE PORTER	FILM ONLY
CAR PASSENGER	FILM ONLY
SHIP	VOICE ONLY
FOUR SCIENTISTS	NON-SPEAKING
KRARG COMMANDER	STUDIO ONLY
PROF. CALDERA	NON-SPEAKING
PASSER-BY	FILM ONLY

SETS:

Int. "Think Tank" Main Chamber.
Corridor.
Int. Professor's Rooms.
Int. Physics Lab.
Int. Skagras Spacecraft.

TFLECINE: (ALL DAY)

Model - Ext. Space Station Etc.
Ext. Cambridge Streets.
Ext. "Cedd's College", Cantab.
Ext. "The Backs" Cantab.
Ext. Country Road.
Ext. Country Field.

H.V. LOGO

0000 -

"DOCTOR WHO"

'SHADA'

EPISODE ONE

OPENING LINK
MOMI.

10.03.27.00
1M1

SUPPOSE CAM:

9 28339.

Opening

Titles

Sequence:

010.03.13.

MODEL SHOT ONE

1. Ext. Think Tank Station in space

ESTABLISH Think Tank
space station in space.
It is a purely
scientific foundation,
therefore utilitarian.

In the background is a
star, the size of the
sun only red. This is
in a totally different
galaxy, to our own.

10.03.48.

2. INT. THINK TANK MAIN CHAMBER.

(ROUND THE WALLS
ARE ARRAYS OF
EQUIPMENT TV
MONITORS, COMPUTERS,
CONTROL CONSOLES.

IN THE CENTRE IS
A LARGE WHITE CONE,
ABOUT THE HEIGHT
OF A MAN.

THE SIDES ARE ABOUT
SIXTY DEGREES.
RATHER THAN PURELY
ROUND, IT IS A
HEXAGONAL FIGURE,
WITH EACH OF THE
SIX FACES SLIGHTLY
RECESSED.

IN EACH OF THESE
RECESSES LIES A MAN,
EACH DRESSED IN A
SORT OF WHITE TRACK
SUIT AFFAIR, TO
EMPHASISE THEIR
IMPERSONALITY.

ON THE TOP OF THE
CONE SITS A MATT
BLACK SPHERE, ABOUT
EIGHTEEN INCHES IN
DIAMETER.

A HUM, FAIRLY QUIET,
IS COMING FROM THE
EQUIPMENT.

CU A DIGITAL DISPLAY,
CLICKING DOWN TO ZERO.

THE CAMERA DOES A
CIRCUIT OF THE CONE
LOOKING AT EACH MAN'S
FACE IN TURN.

ALL THE MEN HAVE
THEIR EYES CLOSED,
AND TOTALLY EXPRESSION-
LESS FACES.

(1M2)

CU THE DISPLAY AS IT
REACHES ZERO. THE HUM
INCREASES IN INTENSITY.

THE STRAIN SHOWS ON
THE FACES OF EACH OF
THE MEN.

THEN WE SEE THAT THE
FACE OF ONE OF THEM
SHOWS NO STRAIN.

THIS IS SKAGRA. HE
OPENS HIS EYES AND
LOOKS ABOUT WITHOUT
MOVING HIS HEAD.

SUDDENLY THE INTENSITY
OF THE HUM INCREASES
VERY SHARPLY.

TERROR AND ALARM
REGISTERS ON THE FACES
OF ALL THE MEN OTHER
THAN SKAGRA.

THEY WRITHE IN THEIR
POSITIONS.

THEY PUT THEIR FISTS
UP TO THEIR FOREHEADS.
THEY CRY OUT.

SKAGRA SMILES
TRIUMPHANTLY. HE
LEAVES HIS PLACE ON
THE CONE AND SURVEYS
HIS HANDIWORK.

HE CONSULTS SOME DIALS,
SMILING WITH SATISFAC-
TION.

THE DIGITAL COUNTER
KEEPS GOING, NOW IN
THE POSITIVE.

SUDDENLY ALL THE NOISE
STOPS SHARPLY, EXCEPT
FOR A THIN DISTORTED IN-
HUMAN BABBLE EMANATING
FROM THE SPHERE.

THE MEN SLUMP, AND
LIE STILL.

WITH BRISK EFFICIENCY
HE PERFORMS CHECKS
ON EACH OF THEM.

HE CROSSES TO A
COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE
WHICH FEATURES A VIDEO
SCREEN AND RIPS OUT
THE LEADS FROM ALL
THREE MICROPHONES.

HE TAKES FOUR OR FIVE
PEGS OR FUSES FROM
THE CONSOLE.

THE VIDEO SCREEN GOES
BLANK.

HE PRESSES A BUTTON
WHICH SETS OFF A SERIES
OF BLINKING LIGHTS.

HIS VOICE STARTS FROM
A SMALL SPEAKER ON
THE CONSOLE.

HE COMES DOWN, TURNS
OFF A POWER SWITCH IN
A SMALL FOREGROUND
CONSOLE.

HE HOLDS HIS HAND UP
IN A SORT OF "HOW"
GESTURE.

THE SPHERE, WHICH IS
TOTALLY FEATURELESS,
RISES OFF THE CONE
AND TRAVELS TOWARDS
HIM.

IT COMES TO HIS
HANDS OBEDIENTLY.

HE WALKS OUT OF THE
CHAMBER)

SKAGRA: (V.O.) This is a recorded
message. (cont ...)

1472

SKAGRA: (V.O.) The foundation
for the study of advanced sciences
is under strict quarantine. Do not
approach. Do not approach. Every-
thing is under our control.

(THE MESSAGE IS A
LOOP AND STARTS
AGAIN)

3. INT. THINK TANK. CORRIDOR.

(CURVING WHITE WALLED
SPACE STATION CORRIDOR.

SKAGRA CALMLY WALKS
ALONG IT.

HE COMES TO A BAY
MARKED "SHUTTLE CRAFT".

HE ENTERS IT)

1M2

d

4. TUP. THINK TANK, BATH CHAMBER.

1M2.

((Note: Tape Over))

THE FIVE REMAINING
MEN STAGGER AROUND
VERY SLOWLY, CLUMSILY,
AS IF THEY SIMPLY
DON'T KNOW HOW TO
CONTROL THEIR BODIES.

FOR TWO OF THEM THE
EFFORT IS TOO MUCH
AND THEY FALL TO THE
GROUND.

THE REMAINDER SEEM
NOT TO NOTICE OR
COMPLAIN.

THEY SEEM TO BE UN-
AWARE OF EACH OTHER
OR OF THE UP-
THING AT ALL.

THEY ARE IN SHOCK.
AS THOUGH THEIR
MINDS HAVE GONE)

CW

1M2.

MODEL SHOT TWO

5. Ext. Space Station.

Shuttle bay opens, and
a sleek space ship
slides out. It moves
slowly away from the
station.

● We stay with it as it
begins to pick up speed,
leaving the space
station in the distance.

We hear the tape message
in distort.

SKAGRA: (DISTORT) ... Do not approach.
I repeat. Do not approach. Everything
is under our control.

● Then, suddenly it puts
on a fantastic spurt of
speed which distorts our
image of it as it shoots
away from CAMERA and
vanishes into the far
distance.

CUT TO:

TELECINE 1A:

Ext. Streets of Cambridge. Day.

CHRIS PARSONS is cycling
towards St. Cedd's College.

He is about thirty, a
post-graduate scientist.

He wears jeans and a denim
jacket, likes Bach,
Bruckner and Status Quo
and his hair is longish
because he preferred the
Sixties to the Seventies.

CUT

TELECINE 1B

Ext. College. Day.

CHRIS parks his bike
outside the College and
walks into first court.
He pulls a scrap of paper
out of his pocket and
looks at it - it is the
number of the room he
is looking for.

He walks on into second
court. He stops a
PASSER-BY and shows him the
room number.

The PASSER-BY points to
the staircase in the far
left hand corner.

CHRIS goes to it.

END TELECINE

7-26
IMB.

143.

6. INT. PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS' ROOMS IN COLLEGE.

(QUITE LARGE, WITH
DARK OAK PANELLING.
GENEROUSLY FILLED
BOOKSHELVES, TABLES
COVERED WITH BOOKS
AND FILES OF PAPERS,
FURNITURE THAT HAS
SEEN BETTER DECADES.

IN A CORNER OF THE
ROOM IS PARKED A
LARGE BLUE POLICE
BOX.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS
IS IN THE ROOM, THOUGH
CLEARLY HE HAS ONLY
JUST COME IN BECAUSE
HE IS TAKING OFF HIS
GOWN AND SCARF AND UN-
PACKING HIS BATTERED
OLD BRIEF-CASE.

HE IS PRETTY ANCIENT,
BUT DISTINGUISHED IN
HIS YEARS.

AS HE GOES ABOUT HIS
BUSINESS HE NOTICES
THE TARDIS PARKED
THERE, LOOKS AT IT
VERY BRIEFLY OVER HIS
HALF MOONS, GIVES A
SLIGHT GRUNT AND THEN
IGNORES IT.

HE IS CLEARLY NOT AT
ALL PUT OUT BY IT.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR)

PROFESSOR: Come in. (cont ...)

(PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS
POTTERS OFF TO ANOTHER
DOOR LEADING PRESUMABLY
INTO HIS KITCHEN.

HE DOESN'T ACTUALLY
LOOK TO SEE WHO IS
COMING IN. IT IS OF
COURSE CHRIS PARSONS)

PROFESSOR: (cont) (AS HE DISAPPEARS
BRIEFLY) Excuse the muddle.
Creative disarray you know.

(CHRIS PARSONS IS
SLIGHTLY BEMUSED
BY THIS. HE DOESN'T
ACTUALLY KNOW THE
PROFESSOR.

HE STANDS AND WAITS)

CHRIS: Professor Chronotis?

PROFESSOR: Tee?

CHRIS: Oh, thanks.

PROFESSOR: (ENTERING) Just put
the kettle on.

CHRIS: Er, Professor Chronotis, I
don't know if you remember, we met at
a faculty party a couple of weeks ago.
Chris Parsons.

PROFESSOR: Oh yes, yes. Enjoy
those faculty dos do you?

CHRIS: Well, you know ...

PROFESSOR: Lot of boring old dons
talking away at each other, never
listen to a word anybody else says.

CHRIS: Well, yes. You said that ...

PROFESSOR: Talk talk talk. Never listen.

CHRIS: No, well ... I hope I'm not taking up your ... (IE VALUABLE TIME ETC)

PROFESSOR: Time? No no. When you get to my age, you'll find that time doesn't matter too much. Not that I expect you will get to my age.

CHRIS: Oh, really?

PROFESSOR: Yes, I remember saying to the last Master of College but one, young Professor Frencham ... or was it the last but two?. May have been three.

CHRIS: (SLIGHTLY SURPRISED) Three?

PROFESSOR: Yes. Nice young chap. Died rather tragically at the age of ninety. Run over by a coach and pair.

CHRIS: What was it you said to him?

PROFESSOR: Oh, I don't know. Long time ago you know.

CHRIS: (DOUBTFULLY) Yeesssss. Er, Professor when we met, you were kind enough to say that if I dropped round you would lend me some of your books on carbon dating.

PROFESSOR: Oh yes. Happy to. Ah, there's the kettle. (cont ...)

(HE BEGINS TO GO OUT
TO THE KITCHEN AGAIN)

PROFESSOR: (cont) You'll find the books you want at the far right of the bookshelf. Third shelf down.

10-15

(HE IS OUT OF THE ROOM BY NOW.

CHRIS PARSONS GOES OVER TO THE BOOKSHELF. ON THE WAY HE LOOKS RATHER ASKANCE AT THE TARDIS.

HE PULLS A BOOK OUT OF THE SHELF THREE DOWN FROM THE TOP.

HE LOOKS AT IT. IT IS CLEARLY NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED, AND IS VERY PUZZLING TO HIM)



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(OFF) Or is it the second shelf down? Second I think. Anyway, take what you like.

(CHRIS PARSONS TAKES A COUPLE OF BOOKS FROM THAT SHELF ALSO, AND NODS WITH SATISFACTION: THIS IS WHAT HE HAD BEEN EXPECTING.

PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS,
OFF:)

Milk?

CHRIS: Oh. Yes please.

PROFESSOR: (OFF) One lump or two?

CHRIS: Two please.

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PROFESSOR: (OFF) Sugar? 148

CHRIS: ~~(STARTLED)~~ What?

(THE PROFESSOR COMES
BACK IN CARRYING TWO
CUPS.

THE PROFESSOR,
CHUCKLING SLIGHTLY
TO HIMSELF:)

PROFESSOR: Here you are.

(CHRIS PARSONS FEELS
HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE
HARRASSED BY THIS MAN'S
ECCENTRICITY ANYMORE.

HE GLANCES AT HIS WATCH)

CHRIS: Oh, actually Professor, I've
just realized I'm going to be late
for a seminar. I'm terribly sorry.
Look, I'll bring these back to you
next week, is that alright?

PROFESSOR: Oh, yes yes. Well, good-
bye then.

CHRIS: Goodbye. Er ... actually
Professor, can I just ask you, where
did you get that?

(HE POINTS AT THE
TARDIS.

THE PROFESSOR LOOKS
AT IT OVER HIS HALF
MOONS)

PROFESSOR: That? I don't know. I
think someone must have left it
there whilst I was out.

(0. 11.30.

1 MG.

CHRIS: I'll bring these back as soon
as I ... er ... can ...

(HE GOES OUT.

THE PROFESSOR PUTS
DOWN THE TEAS AND
SHRUGS SLIGHTLY TO
HIMSELF.

THE PROFESSOR TAKES
A BOOK FROM A PAPER
BAG ON THE TABLE.

WE SEE THE TITLE
"THE TIME MACHINE"
"H.G. WELLS")

Fade up 11.28
147.

eg. can record
player.

TELECINE 2.

Ext. The Backs of The
Colleges. Day.

DOZ: Wardsworth, Culhobart,

ROMANA reclining
in a punt.

The DOCTOR punting
with skill, or at
least with great elan.

ROMANA: Doctor, are you sure it's the
right time of year for this sort of
thing?

THE DOCTOR: Well the river's so crowded
in the spring.

To
12.38

ROMANA: Don't make excuses. You
misprogrammed the Tardis. You forgot
to take axial tilt, diurnal rotation
and the orbital parabola into account.
One day you're going to materialise in
the middle of the ocean.

THE DOCTOR: If I feel like a swim.

ROMANA hugs herself.
She's cold.

THE DOCTOR: You know what you want?

ROMANA: A hot drink?

THE DOCTOR: Moral fibre.

ROMANA: I thought this was meant to be
fun.

THE DOCTOR: It is if you've got moral
fibre.

10-13-11
148.

ROMANA: Don't you think it's time to see if the Professor is back in his room by now?

DOCTOR: That's where we going.

ROMANA: Well can't you make this thing go more quickly?

DOCTOR: Of course I can. I could put a dimensional stabiliser on it and dematerialise. But that's not the point.

ROMANA: Then what is the point?

DOCTOR: Moral fibre.

ROMANA slumps back resignedly.

The DOCTOR soldiers on, manfully whistling "Jolly Boating Weather".

The punt passes under a bridge. On top of the bridge, looking at them (but not necessarily for better reasons than mere coincidence) is SKAGRA.

He has with him a carpet bag, large enough to be concealing the sphere.

We are aware for a moment of the thin babble of inhuman voices again.

WE PICK UP on the punt coming out from the other side of the bridge.

The DOCTOR, with a puzzled frown:

DOCTOR: Did you just hear voices?

ROMANA: I heard something ... Doctor, please let's go in.

END TELECINE 3.

7. INT. CHRIS PARSON'S LAB.

(FULL OF EQUIPMENT,
LAB BENCHES.

A CARBON DATING
MACHINE, SPECTRO
ANALYSER, X-RAY,
BUNSEN BURNER -
THE LOT.

CHRIS ENTERS.

HE PUTS DOWN A
LARGE SATCHEL HE
HAS STRUNG OVER HIS
SHOULDER. HE GOES
AND CHECKS A COUPLE
OF PIECES OF EQUIPMENT.

THEN HE COMES BACK TO
THE SATCHEL AND PULLS
OUT SOME BOOKS.

HE QUICKLY FLIPS THROUGH
THE FIRST COUPLE, AND
THEN PULLS OUT A THIRD.

HE CLICKS HIS TONGUE
WITH ANNOYANCE AT
HIMSELF AS HE REALISES
THAT THIS IS THE FIRST
BOOK HE PICKED OFF THE
PROFESSOR'S SHELVES,
AND NOT ONE HE WANTED
OR MEANT TO TAKE.

STILL, OUT OF CURIOSITY
HE LOOKS AT IT AGAIN,
WITH MANY EXPRESSIONS
OF PUZZLEMENT.

HE IS SURPRISED BY
TWO THINGS IN PARTICULAR:
FIRST THE FACT THAT IT
IS PRINTED IN A TOTALLY
UNKNOWN ALPHABET, AND
SECONDLY THE TEXTURE OF
THE PAPER, WHICH FEELS
VERY ODD TO HIM. HE
RUBS IT BETWEEN HIS
FINGERS. HE EVEN SNIFFS IT)

TELECINE 3.

Ext. College. Day.

THE DOCTOR and ROMANA
enter St Cedd's College.

THE DOCTOR, in the manner
of a guide.

THE DOCTOR: St Cedd's College,
Cambridge. Founded in the year some-
thing or other, by someone who's name
I forget in honour of someone who for
the moment escapes me.

ROMANA: St Cedd?

THE DOCTOR: Do you know I think it was
probably was? You should be a historian.

ROMANA: I should be a nursemaid.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, excuse me ...

He has spotted one of
the PORTERS sticking
something on a notice-
board outside the PORTER'S
lodge.

PORTER: Yes sir?

Half recognises the
DOCTOR.

PORTER: Ah, aren't you Doctor ... er.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, that's right.

PORTER: Took an honorary degree in
1960.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. How kind of you to remember.

PORTER: That's my job.

THE DOCTOR: And you do it splendidly well sir. Tell me, is ...

PORTER: Professor Chronotis in? Yes sir, he returned to his room a few minutes ago.

THE DOCTOR: How did you know I wanted to see Professor Chronotis?

PORTER: That's who you asked to see when you were here in 1964, 1960, and 1955.

THE DOCTOR: Really, is that so? I was also here in 1958.

PORTER: (PUZZLED) Were you sir?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, but in a different body.

PORTER: Just as you say sir.

THE DOCTOR: Nice to see you again sir. Come on Romana.

They walk through the college to PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS'S staircase.

END TELECINE 4.

15.18.
1M9.
↓
e

8. INT. PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS'S ROOM.

(PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS
IS SITTING READING.

HE GETS UP AND GOES
TO THE KITCHEN.

JUST AS HE GOES OUT,
THERE IS A KNOCK AT
THE DOOR)

PROFESSOR: Come in.

(HE EXITS.

THE DOCTOR AND
ROMANA COME IN)

(OFF) Tea?

DOCTOR: Yes please. Two cups.

PROFESSOR: (OFF) Milk?

DOCTOR: Yes please.

PROFESSOR: (OFF) One lump or two?

DOCTOR: Two please. And two sugars.

(ROMANA LOOKS AT
HIM IN BEWILDER-
MENT.

THE PROFESSOR POKES
HIS HEAD ROUND THE
CORNER)

PROFESSOR: Ah! Doctor, how splendid
to see you!

DOCTOR: And you Professor. This is Romana.

PROFESSOR: Ah my child, delighted, delighted. I've heard so much about you.

ROMANA: (SURPRISED) Have you?

PROFESSOR: Well, not yet, but I'm sure I will have done. When Time Lords get to my age then tend to get their tensors muddled up. Now would you have liked some biscuits too?

TELECINE 4.

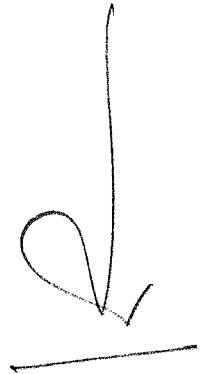
Ext. Streets of Cambridge

We follow SKAGRA walking
through the streets of
Cambridge.

FAVOUR the bag.

END TELECINE 4A.

15-88
1M10



9. INT. PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS' ROOMS.

(DOCTOR, ROMANA AND
PROFESSOR AS BEFORE)

ROMANA: Three hundred years? In the same set of rooms?

PROFESSOR: Yes my dear. Ever since I retired from Gallifrey.

ROMANA: You'd think someone would notice.

PROFESSOR: One of the delights of the older Cambridge Colleges. Everyone is so discreet. Anyway Doctor young fellow. What can I do for you?

DOCTOR: What can you do for me? What can I do for you? You sent for me.

PROFESSOR: Sent for you?

DOCTOR: I got your signal.

PROFESSOR: Signal? What signal?

DOCTOR: Romana. Didn't we pick up a signal from the Professor? Would we come and see him as soon as possible?

ROMANA: Yes. We came straight away.

PROFESSOR: I haven't sent you a signal. But it's very splendid to see you anyway. Why don't you just relax and enjoy yourselves?

DOCTOR: Yes, but if you didn't send that signal... who did?

1411
16.53

TELECINE 5.

Ext. Gate of St Codd's.

The PORTER still busy
with his notice board.

SKAGRA arrives. He
stands very near the
PORTER and looks into
the College.

When he talk to the
PORTER he speaks very
quietly, looks past him
rather than at him and
behaves with the total
arrogance of someone who
doesn't even know what
arrogance means.

SKAGRA: You.

The PORTER looks round.
He does not take kindly
to this mode of address.

PORTER: Did you address me sir?

SKAGRA: I want Chronotis.

PORTER: Professor Chronotis?

SKAGRA: Where is he?

PORTER: He will not want to be dis-
turbed. The Doctor is with him. A
very old friend.

The PORTER lays an
empahsis on 'friend'.

SKAGRA continues to stare into the middle distance, as if he is about to say something else.

Then, quite abruptly SKAGRA turns and walks off.

The expression on the PORTER'S face tells us exactly what he thinks of him.

END TELECINE 5.

10. INT. CHRIS PARSON'S LAB.

(CHRIS HAS JUST
SET UP HIS MICRO-
SCOPE..

HE IS NOT CERTAIN
THAT HE SHOULD BE
DOING THIS, BUT HE
PICKS UP THE BOOK,
OPENS IT, AND TRIES
TO SLICE A SLIVER OF
PAGE WITH A RAZOR BLADE.

HE CAN'T CUT THE PAPER.

THIS ASTONISHES HIM.

HE TAKES THE BOOK
OVER TO A SPECTRO-
GRAPHIC ANALYSER
(IDENTIFY WITH LABEL
ON IT "SPECTROGRAPH")

HE PUTS THE BOOK INTO
IT, WITH THE SPINE
FOLDED BACK SO THAT
ONLY ONE PAGE IS
ACTUALLY BEING EXAMINED.

HE TURNS THE SPECTRO-
GRAPH ON.

AFTER HUMMING FOR A
FEW MINUTES, IT EMITS
A LOUD BANG FROM INSIDE
AND SMOKE STARTS TO POUR
OUT OF IT.

CHRIS IS HORRIFIED AND
RIPS THE PLUG OUT OF
THE WALL)

11. INT. PROFESSOR CHRONOTIS'S ROOMS. AS BEFORE

(DOCTOR, ROMANA AND
PROFESSOR AS BEFORE)

PROFESSOR: Wait!

ROMANA: (STARTLED) What for?

PROFESSOR: I've had an idea about who
might have sent that message.

ROMANA: Who?

PROFESSOR: Me!

DOCTOR: But you just said ...

PROFESSOR: I know. Memory's getting
bit touchy of late. Doesn't like to be
prodded about too much. But my dear old
things, I must have sent it ages ago

ROMANA: I said you'd got the time
wrong Doctor.

DOCTOR: I know, but you're always
saying that.

ROMANA: Well you're always getting the
time wrong.

DOCTOR: What was it about Professor?

PROFESSOR: What was what about?

DOCTOR: (PATIENTLY) The message.

1/11/12
18.51

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PROFESSOR: I don't know. You've seen it more recently than I have.

DOCTOR: Was it to do with the voices?

PROFESSOR: What voices?

DOCTOR: When we were on the river I heard a strange sound, a sort of babble of inhuman voices. Didn't you Romana?

ROMANA: Yes.

PROFESSOR: Oh just undergraduates talking to each other I expect. I've tried to have it banned, but no.

DOCTOR: No, this wasn't something like that, it was ... it was like a lot of people ...

PROFESSOR: Or things ...

DOCTOR: Very quietly ...

ROMANA: Screaming ...

PROFESSOR: Overwrought imaginings Doctor. No, I remember what it was.

(HE BECOMES SLIGHTLY
PREOCCUPIED WITH WHAT
SEEMS TO BE AN UNPLEASANT
MEMORY)

Yes, of course, of course. Delicate matter, slightly. It was about a book...

(DOCTOR LOOKING ROUND
AT THE HUNDREDS OF BOOKS
A FEELING THAT THIS IS A
BIT OF AN ANTICLINAX)

DOCTOR: A book?

Tom

12. INT. CHRIS PARSON'S LAB. DAY.

(CHRIS NOW HAS THE
BOOK UNDER AN OLD
X RAY MACHINE.

HE WATCHES FROM
BEHIND THE SHIELD
WINDOW AS HE TAKES
A PLATE.

THE BOOK STARTS TO
GLOW.

HE HASTILY SWITCHES
THE MACHINE OFF AND
APPROACHES THE BOOK
CAREFULLY.

HE IS WEARING A FULL
PROTECTIVE APRON AND
IT SEEMS MOST ODD
THAT HE SHOULD
APPEAR ALMOST AFRAID
OF THE BOOK.

HE REACHES OUT A
HAND TO TOUCH IT,
THEN WITHDRAWS AS
IF BURNT)

19-26-

14/13.

✓

19-26
1113.

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Cambridge Streets.

SKAGRA walking down a main road. There are PEOPLE and cars around.

He is looking for a car to steal, but does not wish to be conspicuous.

He passes a small side street, glances up it, sees one solitary car there.

He goes up to the car.

There is A MAN in the passenger seat.

SKAGRA takes no notice of this. He gets into the driver's seat and drives off.

THE PASSENGER gapes in astonishment.

PASSENGER: Who are you? What the blazes do you think you're doing?

SKAGRA doesn't take his eyes off the road. With one hand he opens the Doctor's bag.

To THE PASSENGER's astonishment the black sphere floats up out of it.

The thin babble of voices is heard.

1413.

The sphere presses itself against THE PASSENGER's forehead.

The babble sound increases sharply for a moment, THE PASSENGER writhes, then stiffens in his seat.

The sphere then detaches itself and sinks back into the bag.

Meanwhile, SKAGRA drives on, unconcerned.

WE ESTABLISH that at that moment SKAGRA is driving past the front of the College.

END TELEPHONE 6.

13. INT. PROFESSOR CHROMOTIS'S ROOMS.

(THE PROFESSOR IS UP
AT THE BOOKSHELVES.
HE HAS JUST TAKEN
DOWN A BOOK.

THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA
ARE LOOKING SUDDENLY
SLIGHTLY ALARMED.

THEY HAVE JUST HEARD
THE VOICES AGAIN,
THOUGH FAINTLY)

THE DOCTOR: (HOLDING UP A HAND)
Professor ... !

PROFESSOR: Shhh! ... (HE LISTENS)
Did you just hear voices?

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

(HE LOOKS AT ROMANA)

ROMANA: Yes. Very faint this time.
From ...

THE DOCTOR: Yes?

ROMANA: Inside my head?

PROFESSOR: That's what I thought.

THE DOCTOR: Is it anything to do
with this book?

PROFESSOR: What? Oh no no no. No that's just a book I ... well accidentally brought from Gallifrey with me, and I thought it was about time it ... er ...

ROMANA: From Gallifrey? You brought it here?

PROFESSOR: Yes, just a few knick knacks you know. And you know how I love my books Doctor.

(THE PROFESSOR IS
VERY CAGEY)

THE DOCTOR: You just said you brought it by accident.

PROFESSOR: An oversight. I overlooked the fact that I decided to bring it. Just for study you know. But as I'm now getting ... very old I thought ...

THE DOCTOR: That perhaps I'd take it back for you.

PROFESSOR: Well now that I'm retired I'm not allowed to have a Tardis.

(IN FACT HE DELIBERATELY
DOESN'T SAY THAT HE
HASN'T GOT ONE, ONLY
THAT HE ISN'T ALLOWED
TO HAVE ONE)

THE DOCTOR: Professor, I hardly like to criticise, but it could be terribly risky to take books from Gallifrey. They could be terribly dangerous in the wrong hands.

(MEANWHILE, THE
PROFESSOR HANDS
THE DOCTOR A
BOOK)

21.19.
1M14

14. INT. CHRIS PARSON'S LAB.

(CHRIS IS ON THE
PHONE)

CHRIS: Keightley? Hey, yes it's
Chris. Listen, I've just ... what?
Yes, I'm fine. Listen, the most
amazing thing. I've got this strange
book. It's got a molecular structure
unlike anything I've seen. Yes. I
said book. It's like nothing on
Earth. And I think I mean that
literally. Extra-terrestrial. No,
I'm not mad. Listen I've done
everything, X-Rays, spectrograph,
you name it. You don't have to
believe anything till you've seen
it yourself. Yeah, come on over.
Great. See you soon.

(HE PUTS THE PHONE
DOWN)

15. INT. PROFESSOR CHERNOTIS' ROOMS.

(THE DOCTOR READS FROM
THE BOOK THE PROFESSOR
HAS HANDED HIM)

THE DOCTOR: "And in the Ancient
days of Rassilon, five great
principles were laid down. Can
you guess what those principles
were children?"

ROMANA: It's just a Gallifreyan
Nursery Book.

(SHE LOOKS AT THE
SPINE)

"Our Planet's Story". I had that
when I was a child.

PROFESSOR: Oh, no no, that's just
another memento. Not the right
book at all. Now where is it? Is
this the one?

(HE PICKS OUT
ANOTHER)

No, not that one. Where is it? I
know it's here somewhere.

(HE BEGINS TO SEARCH
MORE URGENTLY)

THE DOCTOR: How many books did
you bring for heaven's sake?

PROFESSOR: Oh just the odd one or
two. There's only one that's in
any way ...

THE DOCTOR: Dangerous?

1M17.

22.08.
1417.

TELECINE 7:

Ext. Country Road.
Day.

SKAGRA driving.

He eventually pulls over
and parks the car out of
the way off the road.

He walks into what is
apparently a totally
deserted field.

He then appears to walk
up some invisible steps.

As he does so he slowly
disappears from the
head downwards.

He has entered a space-
ship invisible to our
eyes.

END TELECINE 7.

16. INT. PROFESSOR'S ROOM AGAIN. DAY.

(BOOKS ARE ALL OVER
THE PLACE NOW.

THE PROFESSOR
LOOKING AMONGST THEM
ALL FEVERISHLY.

THE DOCTOR AND
ROMANA ARE HELPING
HIM BY DISCARDING
BOOKS WHICH ARE
OBVIOUSLY NOT THE
ONE)

ROMANA: Well what does it look
like? What's it called.

PROFESSOR: It's the Ancient Law
of Gallirey.

(THIS CAUSES THE
DOCTOR TO START
WITH AMAZEMENT)

THE DOCTOR: The Ancient Law of
Gallirey?

PROFESSOR: Er, yes. Red book,
about seven by five.

THE DOCTOR: Professor, how did that
book get out of the Panopticon
Archives?

PROFESSOR: Well, what I did you
see is ... well I just took it.

THE DOCTOR: Took it?

PROFESSOR: Well, no one on Gallifrey's that interested in Ancient History anymore. And I thought that ... possibly certain things would be safer with me.

THE DOCTOR: And were they?

PROFESSOR: Well, in principle.

THE DOCTOR: Professor, that book dates back to the days of Rassillon ...

PROFESSOR: (INGENUOUSLY) Does it? Oh, er yes it would do. Yes.

THE DOCTOR: It's one of the artifacts.

PROFESSOR: Is it? Indeed.

THE DOCTOR: Oh come on Professor, you know that perfectly well. And you also know perfectly well that Rassillon had secrets and powers that even we don't fully understand. You've no idea what might be hidden in that book.

PROFESSOR: Well there's not much chance of anyone else understanding it then is there? IMC.

23-35

THE DOCTOR: I hope you're right. I think we'd better find it.

(THEY LOOK AGAIN)

TO END OF 24.

17. INT. SKAGRA'S SPACECRAFT:

(THE INTERIOR OF
THE SHIP REFLECTS
THE SLEEK AND DEADLY
EXTERIOR - COMFORTABLE
IN A SPARTAN WAY.

SKAGRA PAUSES IN
ABSOLUTE STILLNESS
FOR A FEW MOMENTS.

WHEN HE SPEAKS WE
WILL REALISE THAT
THERE IS NO OTHER
BEING PRESENT FOR THE
RESPONSE. WHEN IT
COMES, IS FROM THE
ENTITY OF THE WHOLE
SHIP ITSELF -- A
WOMAN'S VOICE)

SKAGRA: Feed me!

(BY HIS SIDE A
BEAUTIFULLY PREPARED
SERVING TROLLEY LADEN
WITH EQUALLY
DELIGHTFUL FOOD
APPEARS.

SKAGRA SITS IN ONE OF
THE LOUNGERS)

Rest me. (cont ...)

(SKAGRA'S HEAD IS
BATHED IN A GENTLE
AURA FOR A FEW
MOMENTS. THE AURA
DISAPPEARS.

SKAGRA OPENS HIS
EYES, REFRESHED AND
REVITALISED. HE
TAKES SOMETHING FROM
THE TROLLEY AND
BEGINS TO EAT)

SKAGRA: (cont) I have confirmed
the location of the book. It shall
soon be mine.

SHIP: Congratulations my Lord.

SKAGRA: Tell me of the one called
'The Doctor'.

(A SCREEN ON THE
WALL A BENILDERING
AND, TO US,
UNINTELLIGIBLE RAPID
SERIES OF IMAGES.

B.C.U. SKAGRA'S
FACE. HE IS BLINKING
VERY FAST, ASSIMILATING
THE MATERIAL.

THE PROCESS STOPS)

He has no more power than the others.
Only one has the power I seek, and
when I have the book that power shall
be mine. Get me the carrier ship.

(THE SCREEN FLICKERS
AND RESOLVES INTO A
NEW IMAGE.

BEFORE IT RESOLVES
WE RESUME ON SKAGRA'S
FACE)

All goes well, I shall be with you
very soon, and then let the
Universe prepare itself for me!

(C.U. THE SCREEN.

ON IT IS THE FACE
OF THE KRARG
COMMANDER, A FACE
WHICH SEEMS TO BE
COMPOSED OF LUMPS
OF COAL WITH BURNING
EYES)

KRARG COMMANDER: Everything is
ready my Lord.

DISSOLVE CAM

Roll
End
Credits:

FADE OUT